

I have lost muchâ€|but I have gained peace

by Traitor of All Traitors

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Summary: A what-if after the Revenge of Michael Myers for Jamie to have a positive outcome. A shorty.

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Halloween

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A/N: I'll be honest when I say that I hate Friday the thirteenth, as I'm superstitious about certain things that would leave me worried about bad luck, but I hope this story can ease me worries away. I would like to know where to find _Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers_ so I can consider getting it for my film collection because I like Jamie Lloyd. Instead of this proceeding to its last known sequel of the original franchise, it'll be a bit different. Here goes.

"â€|Until the day he dies," said Ben Meeker, informing the traumatized Jamie Lloyd as Michael Myers remained where he was placed behind the bars of the cell where he would remain until the US National Guard arrived tomorrow to collect him.

"He'll never die," responded Jamie, feeling that she knew better since her previous encounter with her uncle last year.

"Ever."

Deputy Tony escorted Jamie to the police car to take her back to the clinic. After hearing all the stories and rumors about Michael Myers and his unusual ability to survive situations that would've killed a regular person, he wanted to agree with little Jamie that the man would never know death, not even till God-knows-when.

"If he won't die, then he'll at least be locked away; you bend a rule if you can't break it." He told her, placing on his seat belt.

"And if that doesn't work?" She asked as he started the engine.

"Then you keep hurting him until he can't get up again," he suggested. "Use every method you can think of. Electrocution, poison gas, firing squad. Wait a minute. Suffocation and decapitation are also good ways of getting rid of somebody you fear won't die."

As he pulled out of the parking lot, Tony had, unintentionally, backed up against somebody, knocking them to the ground.

Thud! The person struck by the car fell.

"Oh!" Tony gasped and got out the car to check the guy. "I'm sorry, sir! I didn't mean to hit you!"

Seeing that the guy was dressed entirely in black and near him was a machine gun, the deputy took the opportunity in front of him and quickly grabbed him by his left arm and handcuffed him.

"I don't know what you're doing here," he told the man in black, "but no funny business."

The man in black was too disoriented to speak or move much, allowing Tony to take him inside the station to Sheriff Meeker.

Jamie felt like she'd been waiting for nearly an hour until the deputy returned to the car.

"Sorry about that," he apologized to her. "We had to place the guy in a cell."

He drove her back to the clinic where the staff and Dr. Loomis were waiting for her; Loomis, barely recovered from his encounter with Michael earlier, had wanted to make sure that Jamie was okay and to apologize to her for making her think that he was just going to give her to her uncle.

It's been so long, thought Jamie, looking through old photographs of her parents and her adoptive family. _Six yearsâ€|going on seven nowâ€|and he's still locked up._

After that night in Nineteen-Eighty-Nine, Michael Myers, the notorious Boogeyman and butcher of Haddonfield, Illinois, had been detained and transported to the maximum security installation of New Alcatraz in South America. Unable to use the original prison in San Francisco due to its popularity as a tourist attraction, the US National Guard had resorted, several years after the explosion in the Haddonfield Memorial Hospital which placed Michael in a long coma, to building a new prison in the heart of a jungle. It had become nearly inescapable due to several factors: Ten-foot deep holes, thick trees grown too closely to each other to make running through the environment difficult, vines hanging around the branches, and poisonous snakes, insects and other dangerous animals that lived there in the jungles outside the installation. And if the dangerous factors outside were what made the inmates think twice about

escaping, it was also the factors inside that were cruel: Each of the eighty security guards were authorized to use lethal force if the prisoners had to be disciplined, which included using batons, tazers, Mace, poisonous scorpions, even the right to rip the inmate's hand off and watch them whimper without the aid of medical resources. This was the fate that Michael was dealt.

The guy in black that had the machine gun, however, once he was identified as Terrence Wynn, now a former doctor and administrator of Smith's Grove Sanitarium, was sentenced to the same facility as Michael, where escape was demonstrated to be near impossible; he attempted to escape when he learned that no bars were used around the prison and fell into a hole trying to get out. It even drove him insane to know that the guards were comprised of people that had no families and nothing to lose when they took the grand assignment of watching the prisoners sent here, maybe even further insane to know that the only way the prisoners could get away was through a plane, which came every six months to resupply the facility with food.

And to make sure that Jamie, who had been taken in by her mother's adoptive family, the Strodes, once they had found out about her, had the sense of security she possessed, Loomis, who was the only person the prison contacted to inform him that Michael was still in their care, called her each year to inform her that he was far away from her and wouldn't be in Haddonfield any time sooner than he was informed. This eased her mind, and it allowed her to move on with her life each year. Being a young teen, the girl had certain things on her mind besides forgetting the past: Boys and dresses.

Billy Hill, the boy she had known since her time at the clinic, had overcome his stuttering problem and was able to walk once more without a problem. What made Jamie's days a bit more cheerful was that the two were an item of sorts.

"You look just like me," the frightened voice of Jamie echoed in Michael's mind every now and then, as he sat where he often sat in the prison, next to Wynn. "Uncle?"

As the other prisoners of New Alcatraz wandered about the prison yard, the former Boogymen had become a figure to simply look at.

Turning his head for the first time in years, Michael gazed toward Wynn and did the unimaginable: He grabbed Wynn by his neck and began to strangle him in front of everyone.

"Michael!" Wynn gasped, unsure why he was doing this.
"Michael!"

"Die!" He spoke for the first time in too many years, and then finally snapped his neck.

Before the guards could react by shooting Michael in his legs, the killer then fell to his knees and lost consciousness, as though the murder had taken a lot out of him.

"He'll never die," Jamie's voice had echoed in his mind the last night she ever saw of him.

Michael could finally see that the two were very much alike in what

they had lost: He had lost his family to the voices in him telling him to kill them, she had lost her family through him; he had lost his childhood and freedom, while she had lost much of her early childhood days due to her connection with him, but nowâ€|now they gained something from all of this. Jamie would obtain peaceâ€|and he would finally know death, which had long since been denied to him.

A/N: Please review and ask questions about what you want to know about this. Peace!

End
file.